The American Boy

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Lincoln Centenary. Commencing "In Old Shiawassee"

Abraham Lincoln

1809—1909

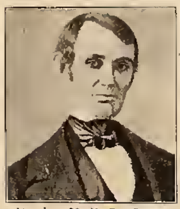
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

Lowell, Commemoration Ode

When Lincoln Was a Boy

By J. L. Harbour

THE COMING of the centennial of the birth of Abraham Lincoln on the twelfth of February, 1909, will be one of the important events of the early part of the year, and an event that will create a new interest in one of the greatest men of the last century. Indeed, one could not find in all the years of the history of our country a man of more surpassing greatness in some respects than Abraham Lincoln. The story of his life is the story of tremendous achievements in the face of tremendous obstacles that a weaker man would not have tried to overcome. Few American boys of our day are so handicapped as was Abraham Lincoln throughout all the years of his childhood, his boyhood and his early manhood. But he had the advantage of having been well born, for his ancestors, the first of whom came to America in or about the year 1635, were men of real force of character. Some of them played an important part in the development of the nation. Some became men of wealth and influence. They were a sturdy and industrious people, and one finds in some of them many of the traits that cropped out in Abraham Lincoln and helped to make him the man that he was. His mother, whose maiden name was Nancy Hanks, was a God-fearing woman whose ancestors came from England and took up their residence in Plymouth, Massachusetts, in the year 1699. Lincoln's father was named Thomas Lincoln and his father's father was Abraham Lincoln. Thomas Lincoln's father died when he was a little fellow of but ten years, and the half-orphan had to go out into the world and shift for himself after that time. He went to work on the farms in Kentucky and when he was older he became a carpenter and cabinet-maker, and he was a good workman although he does not seem to have had any great liking for his trade. The soil seems to have held a lure for him, and when he was twenty-five years old he bought a farm in Hardin county, Kentucky, and took unto himself Nancy Hanks as a wife. The wedding took place in the year 1806 on the twelfth of June. Long afterward when the name of Abraham Lincoln had become such a loved and honored name in our country, a man who had attended the wedding of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, gave a detailed account of the festivities on that occasion. There was a rude but hearty hospitality in the Kentucky of that day, and all who cared to come were welcome to attend the wedding. The wedding feast was abundant, and in addition to wild turkey, bear meat, venison, chicken and ducks, a sheep was roasted whole and the young couple must have had one good dinner before they settled down to the pretty limited fare of their own little log-cabin home. They began their married life in a crude log house of but a single room. The cabin was in Elizabethtown, Kentucky, but if their home was thus poor and shabby and cramped they had the satisfaction of knowing that not many of their neighbors had homes much better. Nearly all of the people were poor in the Kentucky of that day and hard work was the lot of every one.



Lincoln at 30. His First Portrait

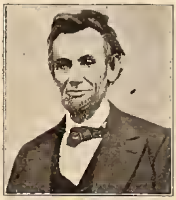
From Miss Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln", published by the S. S. McClure Co.

Soon a little girl to whom the name of Elizabeth was given came to the cabin home of the Lincolns, and then came the boy to whom was given his grand-father's scriptural name of Abraham. But by this time Thomas Lincoln had moved to his farm fourteen miles from Elizabethtown. Pictures of the cabin in which Lincoln was born show that it was about as crude a cabin as it could well be, but the baby boy was not troubled by it nor by anything else. He had come into the world with a good constitution that the abundant fresh air of his cabin home and the plain and hearty food he had to eat later helped to keep strong. His sister Sarah was devoted to him and the children had a good mother. When Lincoln was a boy of four years his father moved to a farm fifteen miles from the one on which his son had been born and the boy had his first experience in going to school. It was a pretty poor sort of a school, but better than none at all. The teachers were woefully illiterate and the people put far less value on education than we give to it now. Lincoln said in his later life that he never attended school more than six months. His mother did what she could teaching him at home and the boy was naturally so bright that he learned rapidly. He was what is often called a "born speller," and when he was older he could "spell down" almost any one at the spelling contests held in the schoolhouses. Lincoln was a boy who liked to be in the thick of everything that was "going on" in the community. He was always so good-humored and early in life had such a fund of stories to tell, and he told them so well that he was always a welcome addition to any social gathering.

There were not many of these social gatherings, for the homes were widely scattered and these pioneer people were too busy developing a new country, and they worked so hard that there was not much time nor inclination for merrymaking. Abraham Lincoln spent most of his evenings reading by such light as the fireplace in his father's home sent forth. Books were few in his father's home, but the neighbors were obliging and they loaned the boy such books as they had, and Lincoln had read a number of the best books by the time he was a dozen years old.

A great and searching sorrow came to him when he was nine years old, for it was then that the good mother who was in such sympathy with him in all his best aspirations was taken away from him, and the forlorn little cabin in the Indiana wilderness was a place of great desolation. Lincoln's father had by this time moved from Kentucky to Indiana and had set to work making a new home for himself in what was practically a wilderness. The boy had an axe put into his hands and was set to work with it when he was but eight years old. For a year the family lived in what was called a "half-face camp," and then a log cabin of one room with a little loft above was built. The boy Lincoln's bed was a litter of leaves in a corner of this loft, and the bed on which his parents slept consisted of nothing more than poles supported by posts. All of the furniture of the cabin was of home manufacture, and it was about as crude as it could well be. The food was sufficient in quantity but very limited in variety. It consisted chiefly of corn-dodgers and potatoes, and it was a great event when there was wheat bread or cake made of wheat flour on the table of the Lincolns. There was little chance of the children suffering from indigestion caused by eating rich food. Many of the boys in the neighborhood wore trousers made of deerskins, and caps and shoes of the skins of some animal, and Lincoln was dressed in this way. He felt that he was very much "dressed-up" when he was able to put on a shirt made of linsey-woolsey, a coarse cloth made of linen and wool.

About a year after the death of his mother, Lincoln's father took a trip back to the old home in Kentucky, and when he came home he brought with him a second wife in the person of the Widow Sally Bush Johnston. There came with the bridal pair a boy and two girls, children of the widow, and there was no more loneliness for Sarah and Abraham Lincoln after that. Lincoln had the good fortune to be given a stepmother with a warm and tender heart, and one who was a kind and good mother to her husband's two motherless children. The boy Lincoln had the fullest appreciation of the good qualities of his stepmother, and she was keen enough of insight to discover that there was the promise of strong and noble manhood in her



Last Portrait of President Lincoln

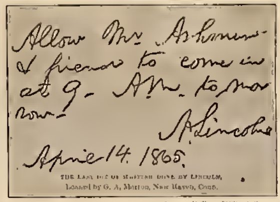
From Miss Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln", published by the S. S. McClure Co.

Birthplace of Abraham Lincoln

homely and rather odd stepson. When she was an old woman Sally Lincoln said of this stepson: "Abe was a good boy, and I can say what scarcely one woman—a mother—can say in a thousand: Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused, in fact or appearance, to do anything I requested him. He was a dutiful son to me always. I think he loved me truly. I had a son, John, who was raised with Abe. Both were good boys, but I must say, both now being dead, that Abe was the best boy I ever saw or ever expect to see."

The right to the proud title of "Honest Abe" that attached to Lincoln in his later life might well have been given to him in his boyhood. All the records of his early life prove that he was an honest boy and one as frank and open as the day.

When the boy Lincoln was seven years old, new and wider vistas seemed to open for him in the removal of his father to Spencer County, Indiana. Thomas Lincoln had a brother who had gone to Indiana, and the reports sent back to Kentucky by this brother were so encouraging that Thomas Lincoln decided to pull up stakes in Kentucky and join his brother in Indiana. The journey was made in a wagon, and the boy Abe found it to be delightful—more delightful than his early experiences in his new home could have been, for this new home was even more of a wilderness than the Kentucky home had been and the settlers had to endure many privations. It is no wonder that Lincoln referred in his later life to the days of his boyhood in Indiana as "pretty pinching times." No boy had more hard work in his boyhood than fell to the portion of Abraham Lincoln, but he performed his hard tasks cheerfully and even merrily, and his hard work swinging the axe or grubbing-hoe surety did him no physical harm, for he was noted for his great strength as he approached the years of manhood. When not at work on his father's farm he worked for some neighboring farmers, receiving twenty-five cents a day for his services, and even this small sum was paid to his father. When an occasional hour or half day of leisure came to him he was off to the woods with his gun or away to the nearest stream to swim or row with the other boys. His work and his pleasures were in the open air and he was a true lover of nature. Often a book went with him when he went to the woods, and it was common for him to carry a book when he went to the fields or to the woods to work. He could read and eat his frugal noonday luncheon at the same time, and there came occasional opportunities for a few minutes reading while he was at work. His reading habits and his apparent eagerness to educate himself gave him the reputation of being a "smart boy," and it was predicted by some of the older people who commended his reading habits that he would be a "smart man." But no one had any suspicion of the real greatness to be developed in the overgrown, lank and peculiarly homely boy. The mere suggestion that he would some day become President of this United States would no doubt have provoked shouts of derisive laughter.



Allow Mr. Ashmun & friend to come in at 9- A.M. to-morrow-

A. Lincoln

April 14. 1865.

THE LAST [illegible] DONE BY LINCOLN,
Loaned by G. A. Marton, New Haven, Conn.

Courtesy McClure, Phillips & Co.

Lincoln's first glimpse of a world very far beyond the limits of Indiana came when he was a boy of seventeen. At this age an opportunity came for him to go to New Orleans as a boat hand with a load of produce. He was paid eight dollars a month for his helpful services, but he cared much less for the money than for the pleasure he derived from journeying to strange lands and having new experiences. No doubt this trip strengthened the boy's determination to "amount to something" and to take his place among the men of consequence in the world. He took more than a mere passing notice of all that he saw and heard, for he had a wonderful memory and he stored away in his mind things that would be helpful to him in his future life. Early in life he formed the habit of committing to memory pages of the best things he found in books, and he could recite more poetry than any one in the neighborhood in which he lived. He strengthened his memory and broadened his mind in this way.

Thomas Lincoln again "pulled up stakes" after he had lived in his Indiana home fourteen years and his son Abraham was twenty-one years old. This time the Lincoln family went to Illinois and settled in Macon County, in the central part of the state. The journey to Illinois was made in wagons and on horseback, two or three families going with the Lincolns, and Abe was the life of the party. His keen sense of humor and story-telling proclivities kept the little band of wayfarers from being dull for very long at a time. Lincoln was the driver of one of the teams and was always ready to lend a hand at anything that needed to be done. Arrived at their new home Lincoln helped his father to build a log cabin and to split rails enough to enclose ten acres of ground. Then Lincoln, having attained his majority, started out in life for himself with only his great physical strength in the way of capital. He lacked even a suit of good clothes, and about the first work he did was to split rails to pay for a few yards of brown jeans for a pair of trousers for himself. Work was plenty and the tall, strong and young future President of the United States found plenty to do, although the pay was small enough. He became famous as a splitter of rails, and this was work that required more than ordinary strength when a man split as many rails in a day as Lincoln could split. Lincoln soon became noted for his wit, his clever stories, his abounding good humor and his willingness to do any one a kindly turn. He had all of the best elements that make a young fellow popular, and it is doubtful if he had many enemies, although a man could hardly stand so firmly for the right as he did without gaining the ill-will of some one. He was in his twenty-second year when he took a second trip to New Orleans on a flatboat that he and two or three others built. Lincoln remained a month in New Orleans and while in the South he saw a great deal of the slavery that aroused so much opposition in him in his after life.

Returning to Illinois, Lincoln became a clerk in a store in the little town of New Salem. In his new position he came into contact with all the people roundabout and made many friends. People in other counties began to hear of the unusual young man over in New Salem. This young man's ambition to rise above the condition of a clerk in a country store was steadily increasing, and he spent all of his spare moments in reading and studying. We read that he walked eight or nine miles to attend debating clubs that he might fit himself better for public speaking. He walked six miles to borrow a grammar and pored over the book during his leisure moments, and when he was but twenty-two years of age he announced himself as a candidate for office in the General Assembly of the State of Illinois, and this was the beginning of the political career that finally made him President of the United States. With the years of his boyhood behind him and new vistas of opportunity opening before him in the early years of his manhood, Abraham Lincoln began a career unparalleled by that of any other man in the history of our country. His was a noble life, with which the youth of every land should become familiar, while the boys of our country should find in the life story of Abraham Lincoln much of inspiration and encouragement, no matter how great the obstacles to success in their own lives may seem. What has been done can be done, and boys who choose to do so can rise above any of the restrictions imposed by poverty or lack of education, just as Abraham Lincoln rose above them.

The Nation's Hero

By Katherine Holt

THE STRUCTURE of Lincoln's great frame and service was built upon such strange foundations, it seems almost a story of magic—a fulfillment of the predictions of early fairy tales, for such marvelous things were accomplished from such humble beginnings. There is nothing more wonderful in fiction than the contrast between Lincoln with nothing to work with or for, and Lincoln liberating, with the stroke of his pen, 4,000,000 slaves.

In place of University training, fortune gave him trials, hardships, and struggles as a preparation for the great work he had to do. His only capital was character and capacity for work, but it proved to be just what the emergency needed.

We are told that "there is no excellence without adequate education, no possible mastery of any art without thorough training." Abraham Lincoln was sometimes called an accident, and his literary gift an "unaccountable play of nature," but few men have more persistently worked out what was in them, by clear intelligence, or trained themselves more thoroughly to the use of English than he. Early, he discovered the practical use of knowledge, and set himself to acquire it. Year by year, this knowledge and power grew, and a wonderful mentality was the result. His power of persuasion, which was always remarkable, became developed to an extraordinary degree, and little by little, he rose to prominence at the bar, and then became the most effective speaker in the West. He lacked all the graces of the orator, but his clear and forceful statements impressed his hearers as the conviction of an honest mind, and his sound logic, broad sympathies, and genial humor, made him a great favorite in Illinois; but it is quite probable that, until the publication of the Lincoln and Douglas Debates in 1859, there were many throughout the country who had not heard of his existence.

Douglas was known all through the republic, but who was Abraham Lincoln? What had he been doing through preceding years? People were astonished! No statesman in Congress had grappled with the great questions of the day with so much power. The curiosity of the people of New York and Boston, in regard to the hitherto unknown man, who had proved himself a match for Douglas, was so great that he received an invitation to lecture in those cities, and on Saturday, February 25th, 1860, he arrived in New York City.

On Monday, his hosts found him dressed in a shining new suit of black, covered with very apparent creases and wrinkles, acquired by being packed too long and too closely in his little valise. It would be natural if he felt uneasy in his new clothes and the strange place, and it is quite likely that he did not meet with indifference his audience of Metropolitan critics. The introduction made by William Cullen Bryant, simply stating, "He is an eminent citizen of the West, hitherto known to you only by reputation," could scarcely serve to place him at his ease, and it is safe to say that the first impression made on the audience by the ungainly Westerner, was not the one they carried away with them a little later, for we are told that his excellent speech "expanded in interest, and improved to the end." The next morning the best newspapers gave full accounts of the speech with compliments. The Tribune, Horace Greeley's paper, expressed commendation wholly out of accord

(Continued on page 122.)

President Lincoln's State Carriage and Coachman

Taken by [illegible], Ind.

"Tiger" Barry's Close Call

Being a True Story of the Assamese Tea Country

By ARTHUR J. PARKER

ONE evening during my second year's stay in Assam, good fortune favored me and I found myself riding up to the portico of "Tiger" Barry's large and pleasant bungalow. Now, "Tiger" Barry, you must understand, had long been one of the men I had most wanted to meet, because no white man had ever been known to graze nearer death from a man-eater, and yet pull through, than he had. His story was one I wanted very much to hear. And hear it I did, as you shall see.

Barry received me with the usual more-than-cordial Anglo-Indian hospitality.

He was a tall and very powerfully built man, barely of middle age, but with hair as white as paper. That hair was the first sign.

He at once despatched notes to the garden doctor and the assistant planter to come and make up a congenial dinner party. His wife, he told me, was in the Hills.

The doctor, hardly arrived, warned me not to ask for Barry's tiger story. I therefore desisted, and during the meal nothing was said about it. To my surprise, after dinner the doctor himself volunteered to tell the tale. Barry sat silently grim, listening without a sign. The story ran in this wise:

"It was over in the Silchar district that Barry had his famous adventure. He was senior planter on the Singamari garden. A man-eating tiger had been reported from the district, and after a while he had begun to infest the vicinity of the garden. Then he had commenced taking coolies.

"For about a week the brute came to the garden edge and snatched a luckless human every evening. The coolies refused (small blame to 'em) to work near the forest-wall as night approached. Then the beast became bolder, and in the short twilight visited the 'lines' and spirited away his victims from among the huts.

"The tiger, they all declared, was as big as an elephant. His coming was as the lightning of Mahadeva, yet viewless as that deity himself. His attack was as all the combined terrors of destroying Siva. How could they work or eat? The situation was serious; the 'absconded' roll was getting inconveniently long. Drastic measures were planned.

"One evening there gathered on Barry's verandah some eight Sahibs, each with a small battery of guns. Look-outs had been posted around the 'lines,' and it was expected by the white men that within an hour or two word of the manslayer might be brought.

"The evening was perfectly peaceful, and brightly moon-lit. The croton bushes before the house showed as many-hued as by day. The planters smoked and drank and laughed,—but not too loudly, lest they should warn off the tiger. Bets were being made who should make the lucky 'first hit,' and on the probable value of the skin—when, in an instant, with no warning but the thud of padded feet on the verandah floor, the man-eater had leaped into the midst of them!

"Panic terror seized the whole crowd. Every weapon was inside. A mad rush through the doors ensued. Barry, the last to struggle in, attempted to pull to the door by its edge. The tiger seized the hand in his teeth and plucked the big man bodily through the doorway. Amid indescribable tumult, confusion and horror the enormous striped devil began to half lead, half drag away his helpless captive.

"Barry held back all he could and kept his feet as the tiger drew him into the shrubbery. His agonized cries brought no help for some time, for in the bungalow lamps had to be lit and rifles selected. Further and further from the house, nearer and nearer to the gloomy forest the awful beast dragged his stumbling victim.

"Suddenly a tiny white form bounded down the path, and Barry's favorite fox-terrier had come to the rescue. Round and round the huge tiger the little dog whirled and danced, yapping furiously and even essaying an occasional bite.

"The man-eater was puzzled and annoyed. All his motions betrayed a longing to squelch his little tormentor. But beyond fierce growling he could do nothing, as his jaws were fast closed on the man's hand. The tiger's progress was delayed. This delay saved Barry's life.

"For now came a shout. A man sped down the moon-lit path—a man carrying an old musket with a bayonet affixed (they had been unable to remove it). Springing at the terrible beast, Carr plunged the bayonet far through the striped shoulder, at the same moment discharging both barrels of the gun! The tiger's hold relaxed. The two men raced for the bungalow.

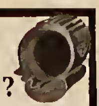
"Barry was last. As he reached the verandah a terrific blow on his shoulder hurled him clear across the floor. It was the tiger's expiring effort. As he rolled over against the planter his bloody fangs snapped close beside the face of the unconscious man.

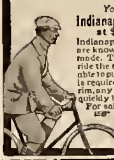
"Barry was a young man, but his hair blanched in that night. See for yourself," added the doctor, "how his left hand was mangled to a mere stub. Frank Carr, the assistant planter who rescued him, went stark mad. Both men had to go 'Home' for a long time, and poor Carr was in an insane hospital for a year."

We all sat silent at the table. Finally Barry jingled a little bell, and a brown servant brought lights. We needed them.

Plunged the Bayonet Into His Shoulder and Fired Both Barrels

Do you Ride a Bicycle?





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G. McLAUGHLIN, Civ. Eng., Sharpsville, Pa.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(Continued from page 101.)

with its recent notions. From New York, he went to other Eastern cities, and the force and logic of his speech convinced everyone that in him they had discovered a new national leader, and he began to be mentioned as a possible candidate for the presidency in the election that was to take place that Fall. A year previous to this, an editor of Illinois had written to him asking permission to announce him as a candidate through his paper, but Lincoln thanked him and modestly refused, saying, "I must in all candor say that I do not think myself fit for the Presidency."

Political unrest at that time was very great, and slavery was the absorbing topic everywhere, and presidential candidates were chosen according to their stand for or against it. The southern leaders no longer demanded—they threatened, and roundly declared that should a "Black Republican President" be elected, or slavery be not quickly made lawful all over the country, they would take their states out of the Union.

On May 16, 1860, the Republican Convention met in Chicago, where the great wigwam had been built to hold 10,000 persons. Few conventions have shown such depth of feeling, and everybody seemed to realize that a great historical event was taking place.

When at last the voting began, two names, Lincoln's and Seward's, stood out beyond all the rest. The second ballot showed a loss for Seward and a gain for Lincoln, and on the third, Lincoln needed but one and one-half to carry the nomination. A man then sprang upon a chair and announced a change of four votes to Lincoln—then a teller shouted a name, the boom of a cannon announced the nomination, and the outcome was that Lincoln was elected President by a plurality of fifty-seven electoral votes.

Immediately several states announced their intention of leaving the Union, and by the time Lincoln was ready to leave Springfield for Washington, seven states had carried out their declarations.

Newspapers and pamphlet biographies told the story of the humble beginning of "Honest Old Abe," the "Rail Splitter" candidate. How he had risen by simple, earnest work and natural genius, first to fame and leadership in his own state, and then to fame and leadership in the Nation. The titles quickly grew to be more than mere party nicknames. They stood for a faith and trust destined to play a large part in the history of the next few years.

When he bade his Springfield farewell, when leaving for Washington, his address was brief and pathetic, and his simple faith in the Divine Father is beautifully expressed as follows: "My friends—no one not in my situation can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when, or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

His Inaugural Address at Washington was an argument and a plea. "Physically speaking," he said, "we cannot separate the North from the South; we cannot build an impassable wall between them, and it would be more to the advantage of both if they should make their intercourse that of friends instead of aliens, for they must ever remain face to face, either as friends or enemies." He argued that the whole matter in dispute be left to all the people to decide, and pleaded earnestly for union, peace and harmony.

In the kindliest language, he showed how ill-advised secession must be, and urged the secessionists to desist from carrying out their mad plans, declaring at the same time that it was his duty to preserve the Union, which he hoped to do without war or bloodshed, but emphatically stating that it was his purpose to do his whole duty by the whole country.

In the make-up of his cabinet, four of the seven members had been candidates for the presidential nomination. With his deep respect for the popular will, he undoubtedly felt that no men represented the public voice better than those whose names had been considered for the presidency. A weak man would have chosen weak counselors, rather than stand in the limelight of public opinion with strong men.

Lincoln's supposed rawness, his unfamiliarity with statecraft, and his Western habits, were by many believed to unfit him for the higher duties of statesmanship. This opinion seemed to be shared by his constitutional advisors, for more than one of them expressed a willingness to take the responsibility of shaping the course of the administration and carrying out plans for the salvation of the appalling situation that was forced upon the country, but with masterful calmness, Lincoln took into his own hands the direction of affairs, and was steadily actuated by the one purpose—to save the Union, and at any cost.

In the war which followed, by his vigor, firmness, and unshrinking determination, Lincoln showed the world that he, and not another, was President of the United States.

In the long contest that followed the strongholds of slavery were one by one demolished, and at last the Emancipation Proclamation issued by him put a stop to that institution, and after so many years slavery was dead.

There followed other field disasters, and only when the Battle of Gettysburg had been fought, and Vicksburg taken, did men begin to see the day of peace break. Then statesmen and politicians worried the good President with their plans for reconstructing the Union, and their objections to his plans, but the people loved and trusted Lincoln. The quaint title "Father Abraham" meant something more than a mere humorous nickname. The hold he had upon the people was his because of his loving heart that wept and laughed with them, his sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men, his patience, magnanimity and good nature, his charity for all, and his homely likeness to the plain people from whom he sprung and with whom he was one to the last.

In the midst of the closing struggles of the Civil War, Lincoln was renominated and elected by an overwhelming and tremendous vote that left no question in the minds of men of the undying and deeply rooted love of the American people for Abraham Lincoln. His great heart held no thought of unkindness for the factions that had opposed him, and serenaded at the White House a night or two after the election, he said, "Now that the election is over, may not all, having a common interest, reunite in a common effort to save our common country. For my own part, I have striven, and will strive, to place no obstacle in the way. So long as I have been here, I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am deeply sensible to the high compliment of a re-election, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be pained or disappointed by the result. May I ask those who were with me to join me in the same spirit toward those who were against us?"

In the closing words of his second inaugural address, he poured out the tenderness and devotion of that great soul of his in these closing words: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn by the sword, as was said 3,000 years ago, so still it must be said, that 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' With malice towards none, and with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in, to bind up the Nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widows and orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." No wonder the nation loved the man who could find such words as these in the depths of his heart.

His prayer was answered. The forty days of life that remained to him were crowded with great historic events. His Proclamation of Emancipation was embodied in an amendment of the constitution, adopted by Congress, and submitted to the States for ratification. The dreadful scourge of war did pass away and the starry flag he loved waved in peace over the country he loved so well.

In the supreme hour of victory, a madman's hand took from the vanquished their best friend, and the human race lost one of its noblest examples, and while all friends of freedom and justice join hands as mourners at his grave, we know that somewhere in God's eternal plan, his noble, self-sacrificing soul lives, and rejoices in its strength.

"With Firmness in the Right as God Gives Us to See the Right"